

1505/115

17
10/10/11

TAR WATER,

A

BALLAD,

INSCRIBED to the Right Honourable

P H I L I P

Earl of CHESTERFIELD:

OCCASIONED

By reading a Narrative on the Success of
TAR WATER, Dedicated to his LORDSHIP
by *Thomas Prior*, Esquire.



L O N D O N:

Printed for W. W E B B, near *St. Paul's*.

M.DCC.XLVII,

[Price 6 d.]

TAR WATER

A

BALLAD

Inscribed to the Right Honourable

Earl of CHESTERFIELD



Occasionally

By reading a Narrative on the Success of

Tar Water, Dedicated to his Lordship

by Thomas Paine, Esquire



LONDON:

Printed for W. W. & Co. 25. FINE

MOORE

1859



TAR WATER,

A

BALLAD.

I.



SINCE good Master *Prior*,
The Tar Water 'Squire,
Without being counted to blame,
Vulgar Patrons has scorn'd,
And his Treatise adorn'd
With the Lustre of CHESTERFIELD'S Name.

II.

Great *Mecænas* of Arts !

And of all Men of Parts,

(Tho' they're not much the Growth of this
Time)

I hope 'twill be meet,

To lay at your Feet

The same lofty Subject in Rhime.

III.

Then come, let us sing ;

Death, a Fig for thy Sting !

I think we shall serve thee a Trick ;

For the Bishop of *Cloyne*

Has at last laid a Mine,

That will blow up both thee, and Old Nick.

IV.

IV.

Have but Faith in his Treatise,
 Tho' you've Stone, Diabetes,
 Goutt, or Fever, Tar Water 's specifick;
 If you're costive, 'twill work;
 If you purge, 'tis a Cork;
 And, if old, it will make you prolifick.

V.

All ye Fair ones who lie sick,
 Leave off Doctors and Physick,
 Tar Water will cure all your Ails;
 Have you Rheums or Defluxions,
 Or Whims, or Obstructions,
 It will set right your Heads, and your Tails.

VI.

See each tall slender Maid
 Now lifts up her Head,
 Like a beautiful Fir on the Mountain!
 While salubrious flow,
 * From a Fissure below,
 The Streams of a Turpentine Fountain.

VII.

Each Nymph from afar
 Is so scented with Tar,
 That, unless they 're permitted to feel,
 All the Devils in Hell
 (So alike is the Smell)
 Can't know a ----- from a Cart Wheel.

* Turpentine, the principal Ingredient in Tar, is thus extracted from the Fir Tree.

VIII.

Great Phyfician of State!

(Tho' call'd in fo late

To a truly well meant Consultation)

In this Fever of War,

Like the Spirit of Tar,

Thy Skill muft preserve this poor Nation.

IX.

Tho' now quite exhausted,

Her Vitals all wafted,

She's as meagre, and weak, as a Lath ;

Yet we hope, that Thy Art

Will recover each Part,

Without the Affiftance of *BATH*.

F I N I S.

VIII.

Great Physician of State!
 (Tho' call'd in so late
 To a truly  moment Consultation)
 In this Fever of War,
 Like the spirit of Tar,
 Thy Skill must preserve this poor Nation.

IX.

Tho' now quite exhausted,
 Her Vitals all wasted,
 She's as meagre, and weak, as a Lark;
 Yet we hope, that Thy Art
 Will recover each Part,
 Without the Assistance of B. A. T. H.

